The Life of Lord Caitanya

Act One - The Birth of Nimai

Scene One - Sin and the Six Vices
(How Lord Caitanya Impacts the Age of Kali #4)

(Sin enters along with her six devilish assistants Lust, Anger, Greed, Illusion, Madness and Envy. They all say Bravo! Bravo! and take their places before Sin's throne as she addresses them)

Sin: As seeds grow to become flower-bearing trees, my pets, so like a seed do I lie in the innermost chamber of the heart of all fallen souls. And, day by day, I develop till I do deliver to each and every individual the fruits and flowers of his own sinful life misery, disease, confusion, pain and poverty. For the sins of his past, a man suffers, but he is uncontrollably impelled by my force to commit more and more sins. And from these, he suffers in the future and again commits more. My innumerable seeds are indestructible. They are deeply sown and, like irrepressible weeds, give misery to all.

By my design the poor soul who contemplates sense objects develops attachment for them. That attachment leads to lust, and from lust, anger arises... from anger, then delusion... and finally loss of intelligence. And when a man loses his intelligence, he comes more firmly under my grip. (all applaud)
Thank you, my expert foremen. How grateful I am that with your assistance my authority has been expanded throughout the universe. My pets, recite to me now what expert means you use to expand my kingdom, and I shall reward each of you as you deserve. (all speak simultaneously) Wait, wait, my pets. One at a time, please, one at a time. Now let me see... who shall it be? You begin, O Lust...

Envy: He always gets to start first!

Sin: (claps) Silence, Envy!

Lust: (rises) O Empress Sin, your influence is boundless. Who can escape the enchantment of your web? I am not one to brag, (others murmur) but I must admit that it is I who am the greatest enemy of all the living entities!

All: What, you?!

Sin: (claps) Silence! Let him continue.

Lust: Yes, I! It is I, dear Empress, who induces the pure soul to become entangled in your clutches. My work is simple, very simple. Listen, mother, how I do your work to the best of my ability...
The beautiful woman sits in her bedroom, and with her quickly-moving eyes she sees the redness of her own lips in the mirror. And as she brushes her hair, which is black like the wings of a crow, the desires in her mind easily flow. Seeing her own reflection, her mind becomes delighted, and at any time I whisper in her ear... slowly, slowly I say to that lusty woman: "Alas, O beautiful-eyed one, why are you sitting here alone, not being cared for? Why don't you attract some young man's mind and bind him up? Go, go! For what reason do you remain here idly? How can you tolerate the pride of these young men? Why not make them cry out in desire? Why not make them all roll at your feet?" With a steady mind she hears these words. Slightly smiling, she rises and, holding the mirror with her own reflection in front of her, the enchantress runs off to conquer in all directions!!!
When I see laziness in a man, I go to him and say: "O mystifier of the worlds, what are you doing? Just see women are dying for you! You are just like a bumble-bee, now go and drink honey from many flowers!" Hearing my sweet words, the scandalous man begins to think himself the lord of love. And at that moment, the beautiful woman attacks him with the arrows of her glances. In this way, the young man and woman fall down by Lust's deception. In the end, they enjoy poisonous fruits, and the depths of their hearts burn day and night. Thus bound by ropes of attachment, they come under your control... their shouts of remorse never end! In this manner do I, Lust, ever cause the best of men to fall.

Sin: (happily clapping) Beautiful! Beautiful!

Envy: Now me! Let me!

Sin: Wait! All in good time! Speak to me, Anger what is your business?

Anger: O Sin! All glories unto you! Without you, what would this world be like to live in? Please hear of my exploits on your behalf. Lust's work is simple, he says. I couldn't agree with him more. But my work is thorough. He may capture a man's senses, mind and intelligence, but it is my toxins that pollute his whole body. After Lust does what little he can, his victim gets passed on to me. (Lust responds with insults) Then I make the man's gentle voice harsh and loud, his muscles taut, his heart palpitate, his actions uncontrolled. Just see the pauper in my palm, his blood boiling and his face flushed red by my wrath! That soul will not listen, reason cannot find him, patience has deserted him. Only arrogance and pride provoke him, and he turns upon his own beloved wife, children and friends. Being unkind to them, he suffers all the

more. O dearest Sin, devastation is my work! You can see the evidence of my work everywhere in the form of enmity: between husband and wife, between brothers, friends and families, between societies, religions and nations. I have men at each other's throats over mere trifles. Then after my brief visit is over, my black shadow, war, arrives! And that's when the real fun begins! (harsh laughter. The other enemies mimic his laughter sarcastically) Ah shut up! Shut up!

Sin: Next! Who shall speak next? (clamor) Quiet! (immediate silence) All right, Greed, go on.

Greed: Of all your foremen, sweet Sin, I truly am the foremost! (all respond negatively) Like a faithful gardener, I lavishly water the seeds you so carefully sow! Please hear, Your Majesty, of my qualifications of which you certainly already know. Whatever there may be within the universe to satisfy one's senses can never satisfy me. Even though a man has everything, under my influence he wants more. With discontent by my side, I sap the very vitality of human life. Where I reside, rest assured, happiness never dares show her face. My pitiful prisoner, one foot through the gate of hell, thinks: So much wealth do I have today, and I will gain more according to my schemes. Thus he works hard like an ass day in, day out, and even overtime...
Rushing to work at breakneck speed, full of anxiety, convinced that he is free.
But in truth he's working for me!
No matter what he goes through and gets, it will never make amends...
thus he takes to stealing and cheating, even from his friends.
Then they steal from him and, thus oppressed,
they become enemies over a farthing or less.

Let but my sticky fingertips lightly touch the most esoteric philosopher, the most advanced scientist, the most renowned politician, the most brilliant poet, and they become morose, living a life of two extremes: hankering for future gain, and lamenting for past loss.
Ahhh! Just see how I make them all insane!

Illusion: Ho-hum!

Greed: My queen, these are the waters of my reign...

Illusion: Enough!

Greed: ...and the flood has only just begun...

Illusion: Enough!

Greed: ...by my touch, they all become undone!

Illusion: I can't stand any more!

Greed: Too bad!

Sin: Illusion, Illusion, please.

Illusion: (jumping up and interrupting Greed) O Sin! With all due respect, I have heard enough! After all, why does a man endeavor to enjoy himself? And why is he angered when he fails? I ask you why... why is he dissatisfied with his wealth? It is because I, Illusion, have spread my veils. You should know that all beautiful, glorious and mighty sins spring from but a spark of my splendor. (Sin squirms nervously) With but a single fragment of myself, I pervade and support all these other petty seedlings. (other enemies protest vigorously) Why do I reign supreme?

All: Supreme?!

Illusion: For one reason only: because of my cheerful smile called ignorance. It is due to ignorance, Madame Sin, that men are overcome by your glance. Poor little Lust and Anger simply carry on my work. (negative response) And when I make a man want more than what he's due, then only is he susceptible to you, O noble Greed! And why are souls called fallen? Because I cast them down. And why do they stay down? Because I enshroud them. For every being is born in my grip, overcome by desire and hate.

I have decided for modern man
that life is a complex chemical combination,
that there is no God in control,
and within the body there is no soul.
He thinks that his body made merely
of earthly lifeless elements
is his complete identity.
Poor lost little living entity!

He's unaware that there's a joyful Lord in control,
that within the body, there's a blissful living soul.
You see, they only age in years, but not in knowledge,
for I hide reality behind my shawl,
for the detriment of one and all.
Good queen, you know this world to be

a place of death, happiness has no place here.
But for them, this truth is wholly unclear.

They are blind, for within their minds, I pit hope against hope. "Things will be better," they think, "and the future is so bright."

That's my master plan...
to keep them locked up in this sham.

Sin: Your master plan?

Illusion: Well, I didn't mean...

Sin: That is quite enough now, Illusion. Don't let yourself get carried away.

Illusion: But my Queen, I haven't...

Sin: Sit down, Illusion! Sit! Good. Now, Madness, you've been ominously quiet and reserved. Let's hear of your play.

Madness: I, reserved? How very droll.

Sin: Why not let us into the labyrinth of your mind?

Madness: Excuse me if I seem a bit reserved. A real hero shows prowess by his actions, not high sounding words. (negative response) Allow me to quietly reveal my seductive plot. Man is mortal; this statement seems quite sound, you must admit. (responses: "So what else is new? Ho-hum!")

Old folks have died, and he who is a child today,
will sooner or later pass away.
Yet although he knows his destiny to be dust,
he madly accumulate more and more and more,
and becomes a prime target for Illusion, Greed, Anger and Lust.
And why? Because he cannot help himself... he must!

All: He must?

Madness: He must! Do you hear? And this is the substance of my gift... This is what I, Madness, contribute. So, Mistress Sin, you can see that I'm the best, I trust.

Sin: (to Madness) Hmmm. Perhaps. After all, there is method to your

madness. Well now, Envy. Envy?

All: Hey Envy!!!

Envy: Huh? Who, me?

All: Yes, you!

Sin: At last it is your turn to beat the drum. But I must caution you don't be too malicious!

Envy: Who, me?

All: Yes, you!

Envy: (intensely eager) To begin with, O Queen, let me ask: From which tree do the seeds of sin come? (all respond in favor of themselves) Wrong! From me! (all freak out)
There you see! Ha! The desire-tree of Envy!
Without me, men would live peacefully,
he'd not care if another was more opulent than he.
None would strive to accumulate more and more,
and then, Madness, where would you be?
Lust, Anger, Greed, Illusion and Madness all envy me! (wild response)
They know that only my call
lures the soul to want what is not his
and makes him fall (faint kirtan is heard in distance)
and it all begins when he envies God!!!
That's why I will never let it end,
for my roots are stronger than an iron rod.
And nothing in this world can ever make them bend. (dissention increases)

Sin: My dear dutiful deputies, you have profusely propagated my authority, leaving no secure sanctuary for Conscience, Renunciation and Devotion.
(A kirtan is heard offstage in the distance, and this does not stop for the rest of the play. The actors must shout over it)
What is that! What in hell is that!? Am I to hear this?
The singing rents the sky as if a thunder peel. Speak up, Vices! How have you performed your task? How long must I wait before I see such joyous jubilation chase away forever?
Shhh, quiet. Listen! What's that?

All: What's what?

Sin: That sound!

All: What sound?

Sin: That! That horrible sound. It sounds like music...

All: Music?

Sin: Yes, happy music!

All: (they stand up) Yes, yes it is!

Sin: All right, who's responsible for this?

All: Honestly, Sin, we didn't...

Sin: I warn you if this is someone's idea of a joke, I'm not amused! I want it stopped. I want it stopped immediately! (silence, no one moves) Well, someone do something. Someone go out there and tell them to stop it this instant!
(Kali enters)

All: Kali! Kali!

Sin: O Kali! How wonderful to see you, my dear! (kirtan is more noticeable in background)

Kali: (sadly) O my Queen, my poor Queen...

Sin: What,s the matter, Kali?

Kali: (distraught, pacing back and forth) I never thought it could happen... Brace yourself, my queen, I have bad news.

Sin: Bad news?!

Kali: Yes. It's all over! Our doom is in the making!

Sin: Our doom?

Kali: Yes! They are chanting and spreading those horrible names!

Sin: What names?

Kali: You know those names!

Sin: What are you talking about?

Kali: Must I spell out everything for you? The Holy Names of Krishna, the Supreme Personality of Godhead! They are planting those names in the minds and hearts of everyone, everywhere!

Sin: Oh no! No!

Kali: Our entire empire is quaking!

Sin: But how can that be? We've sown uncountable seeds of sin within their hearts.

All: Yes! Yes!

Sin: And those seeds will kill piety like piercing, poisonous darts.

All: They must! They must!

Kali: Take heed of my warning - Sri Caitanya Mahaprabhu, the Supreme Personality of God has appeared. Alas, all is ended; your tyranny is terminated!

Sin: Why? What can Caitanya do to me?

Kali: Caitanya's very birth has caused the chanting of Hare Krsna to be performed everywhere at once! Stop and think, what will the condition be when Caitanya, taking the order of sanyassa, roams the surface of this Earth, distributing the Holy Name to one and all?

Sin: Ah yes, that explains the hubub outside! See, the moon is gone into an eclipse, being gobbled by Rahu. This confusion is common - always, during an eclipse, the people become superstitious and pray. Nothing to fear - their piety will be swept away by the Vices!

Kali: What can the Vices do? The Vices cannot affect a devotee of Krsna. The Vices are mere sycophants of Caitanya, Who Himself has appeared in the mood of a devotee.

Sin: Tell me, O Master, which person's heart is not inflicted with lust, wounded by Cupid's arrows? Whose mind is not paralyzed by rage, enslaved by greed or covered by illusion? Who is there who has not danced to the puppetry of vanity or has found envy detestable?

Kali: You seem not to know the nature of the Devotees. All the Vices are like servants to them. Lust will remain engrossed in his service and will act like a horse to carry the devotee back to the spiritual world. Anger will be utilized to subdue the atheists. What will greed do? The Devotee will cultivate a greed for reaching his goal of Pure Love! He will shed incessant tears at the lotus feet of his Lord and wash away illusion. Intoxicated with the pride of being a servant of the Supreme Lord, he will serve Him with loving devotion. Envy will find no shelter in the Devotees. They envy no one and thus they are dear to everyone.

Conquering the six Vices, the Devotee will get his propagation work done. Once he has seen the sublime beauty of his Lord, he will not hanker for the evanescent. He will remain fixed in his transcendental service to the Lord and have the Vices wait on him with folded palms!

Sin: First, we shall see how he weathers the storm of youth!

Kali: For he who has surrendered his life and youth to the Supreme Truth, submission to Krsna is the essence of his life. Then, who is so foolish as to contest with him? To teach self-surrender, Spiritual Love Personified has appeared as Sri Caitanya Mahaprabhu! At long last, your poisonous fangs have been broken! Come to the house of Jagannath Misra and see for yourself. Clear your doubts, Sri Radha and Sri Krsna have descended in one body, in one form, that of Sri Caitanya Mahaprabhu!

Sin: Very well, if by God's grace, the Vices have been defeated, then through Logic and Science I shall again establish my dominion.
Kali: Logic is easily drowned in the current of love of Godhead.
I can forsee the waves of love becoming too high for Science, who will then slip away in mortification. If you were, by chance, to get a glimpse of that enchanting Krsna, his charm would melt your heart of stone, too. Come, you may as well embrace defeat from the start. Before us is the house of Jagannath Misa where Sri Caitanya Mahaprabhu is adventing.

Sin: Alas! Who shall I confide my sorrow to? I control all the worlds and yet I have to bear with all this harrassment. Let us go and see Who has been born.

Kali: (alarmed) O my consort Sin, if you wish to stay with me, I urge you not to

go!!! (to kirtan party) Stop it! Stop it! My head is about to burst!!! (He sits down as if he has a great headache.)

Sin: (to herself) Until this happened, our might was immeasurable! How could they deal such a blow? I must know! I must go... I must see how it could be so! (She turns, sees Kali is not watching and runs off.)

Kali: (immediately looks up and sees she's gone) Wait! Wait! Sin! You'll be entrapped by our foe! (He runs after her.)

Scene Two - The Forest

(Conscience, Renunciation and Devotion are seen on a forest path. Kirtan is still heard offstage.)

Conscience: Say, O good lady, for what further purpose should I remain on this Earth? Where shall I find my place of rest? I have been for so long now wandering. I enter each house with great expectation and leave with only frustration. Now, I have fled to this mountain sanctuary. I saw Yogis in deep meditation and felt a ray of hope - but now, when I think back on that particular incident, my heart shudders! Everyone, even the Yogis are totally submerged in their senses and are servile to Lust, Envy and the rest. Arrogance is kept long-locked inside, despising others yet making a show of being more advanced than others. They claim that their advancement is by their own efforts alone, yet without the grace of God, how is any advancement possible? Seeing all this I fled - ask my companion, Renunciation - he was with me.

Renunciation: Good lady, it is true what Conscience says! There I beheld a Yogi with long, matted hair, sitting with eyes closed. As we came closer, hearing our footsteps, he peered through the corner of his eye, thinking, "Who is that coming? Is he going to give me some money?" So greedy that he is never satisfied with anything; he grouses his frustration aloud. Having enough, we immediately left him.

Conscience: Then hear another strange story. A little further from that yogi's cave, we came across a Philosopher - lost in deep thought. He had renounced the material world of sense objects, a victor over the Vices, always meditating on how to benefit the society at large and as to what will make them happy. But alas, he himself is in the deepest of ignorance! He is convinced that modern science and technology are a sturdy foundation of human society. He would shout, "Electricity is our slave, to act at our finger-snap. The steam engines hurtle past, leaving everything behind. Science is success, technology

is triumph!!" With a slash of his pen, he pompously writes that God is obsolete! Terrified, I ran from him.

Renunciation: There are still others who, under the cover of "Tantra" are giving support to irreligious practices. Rejecting sane social etiquette, they eat meat, take intoxicants and immorally enjoy women. How is it possible to stay on a planet with such as these?

Devotion: Our joyous days are here once again. Throw away your worries, the Supreme Lord, Hari, Who roams the Spiritual Abode of Goloka, has appeared. On seeing the misdirected population of Kali Yuga, our Supreme Lord has descended in a most novel incarnation. In His present form of Sri Caitanya Mahaprabhu He manifests the sublime loving dalliances of Sri Radha and Sri Krsna. He has come with the Holy Name that melts even the heart of stone. He will innundate all abundantly in ambrosia. Externally, He is Radha with Krsna hidden inside, He manifests an exchange of miraculous mellows never experienced in the previous ages. Glorious! How fortunate are the people of the Age of Kali to be able to participate in a grand festival of the Holy Names! Now, one can easily attain that which is so rare - Love of Krsna. Even birds and beasts are drowned in the love of Krsna; they vibrate with the divine sound of Hari! Hari!
(Kirtan becomes louder)
Listen! Give audience! What a joyful sound the Chanting of the Holy Names! The Earth revertebrates with the roaring waves of the Ocean of Mercy - Sri Caitanya Mahaprabhu! Oh, how fortunate is the world today; Lord Gouranga has appeared in Nadia!

The Bhakta Yogis, once clinging to a faceless, formless idea of God - they are now totally submerged in meditation upon the name, form, personality and pastimes of Krsna! The eight Mystic Perfections, unable to tempt them, stand waiting to offer any service, with folded palms.

Look! Look! The Vidyahara Angels are coming in their spaceships to see Sri Caitanya! The sages and wisemen are coming, overwhelmed with the ecstasy of love of Godhead! Look around you - everyone is dancing with upraised arms, singing the glories of the Supreme Lord Hari. There is no other sound; what a gushing exuberance! All the three worlds are resounding with this ecstatic chanting! Now who would want to go to to Goloka Vrndavana in the Spiritual World? Rather, we would stay here and swim in the blissful ocean of love of Godhead! Let us hasten, singing the Name of Hari, we shall see Madanmohan, Krsna.
Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare
(Everyone leaves. The Vidyahara angels, sages and wisemen enter in disguise.

Everyone sings the Hare Krsna mantra.)

Vidyahara: My Lord, Kesava, kind to the down-trodden, roams the forest groves of Vraja Vrndavana. Madhava, Manomohan, Muralidhari! Let us all sing Hari! Haribol! Sri Gauranga Hari!
Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare